### SPORTS IN FIELD AND RING.

TALK ABOUT THE OVATION TO SULLIVAN IN LONDON.

Billy Maddon's Play-Tribulations of the Trainer of a Featherweight-Mike Cleary to do Some Exhibition Sparring in Heboken-The Racquet Club Billiard Tour-



NE of the topics of the day in the athletic world is the reception which Sullivan got in London. Every one wishes the "big felow" all possible luck, but it is the general opinion that a tre mendous reception does not necessarily ensure him an immense exhibition. One of the biggest demonstrations John L. had on his last trip in this country was the one at

Altoons, Pa. The exchampion arrived just in time to go to spar at the Opera-House. The depot was crowded as it was never before. The streets were impassable for blocks. A man could have walked on the shoulders of the massed assemblage, and the Boston pugilist and his combination had to go to the theatre by a back way. But the box-office didn't demonstrate anything like as well as it did in Balti-more and Washington.

"Much," says a Hoffman House frequenter, "of the success of Billy Madden's new play, 'Around New York,' will depend on the pugllistic partner he has," Another gentleman replied: "Madden is pretty cute. I wonder if it wouldn't be a good scheme to evade the laws against boxing some cities have. With a partner like Jack Dempsey or some promising heavyweight, the play ought to run as a sparring attraction."

Little Billy Burke, the featherweight, is in rough luck so far as a trainer is concerned. This trainer said to a friend the other day: "I had awful hard work getting 'Billy' down This trainer said to a friend the other day:
"I had awful hard work getting' Billy' down
for the featherweight competitors of the
Pastimes at Parepa Hall. He was four
pounds too heavy the morning of the day he
was to box, so I put him in a Turkish bath.
It only took a pound and a half off; so I
slapped him in again and got off another
pound and a half. By this time it was 6
o'clock in the evening, and the boxing was to begin soon after 8 o'clock.
I didn't give up though, Burke, of course,
couldn't be allowed to eat anything when still
a pound and a half too heavy, and I wouldn't
give it up. I put a big overcoat on him and
made him run in the slush from Broome
street to Eighty-sixth street behind a Third
avenue car, while I stood on the back of the
platform. This took off another pound and
a half and left him just a half pound inside
the limit. Then as we were going on to spar
a protest was made against him as a professional and he was ruled out." McDonald,
Burke's trainer, fought five glove contests
out in Cleveland recently and got whipped
six times. The odd time was in a saloon one
day when an ignorant Westerner made a mistake as to the Eastern puglist's identity and
thrashed him before he discovered his error.

The final deposit of \$500 a side in the Rea-gan-Dempsey prize-fight for \$1,000 a side will be due on Friday. A referee will also have to be chosen. It is likely that Frank Steven-

Mike Cleary is in town and expects to accept a week's engagement at the Hoboken Casino, Warren Lewis having made up his mind to try boxing again and have the contests come off in time to allow the New Yorkers to get home before daybreak. Cleary is looking well and says he made money teaching boxing in Louisville, Ky. When asked his plans, he said: "Oh, I'll meet Clow after he gets through with Glover and probably Killen; each on his own terms."

It is said that Mr. Oddy will not have things all his own way at the next billiard tournament of the Racquet Club. Dr. Jen-nings and others are playing in great form lately.

Mike Donavan says he is sure to capture the amateur heavyweight sparring champion-ship this year with W. J. Barry. Barry who stands 6 feet 4 inches in his socks, is becom-ing remarkably proficient, and can hit as becomes a champion hammer-thrower. He is surprisingly quick, too. Donovan is going over to England and Ireland with Barry next May, and will take Johnny Reagan with him, win or lose in the coming battle with Dempsey.

Manning and Power, the pool-players, are likely to be matched again. Al Saurs says he will back Manning again for all the money the Power people will put up.

The New York Athletic Club's cross-country championship run yesterday establishes a record, as the distance was five miles up and down hill and across ploughed fields. The astonishing thing about it was that all of the eight starters finished the distance and no one was what might be called very badly beaten, G. Y. Gilbert finishing second, instead of Skillman, was the surprise to the knowing ones.

RIKER'S SACHET POWDERS are finer, stronger as more lasting than Lubin's, Atkinson's, Coudray's or, in fact, any sachet powder in the market. This is guaranteed by RIERR, 353 Sixth avenue. Heliotrope, violet, jockey club, white rose, musk, &c. Always get RIKER's, and you are sure of perfect satisfaction.

#### THE DRIFT OF SOCIETY.

The marriage of Mr. Frederick W. Goodenow jr., and Miss May Bennett will take piace this even-ing at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. M. H. Bennett, 161 Rast One Hundred and Fifteenth

Prof. Edward C. Pickering, of the Harvard Co lege Observatory, will deliver a lecture to the National Academy of Science at Mrs. Draper's house, 371 Madison avenue, this afternoon.

The engagement of Vicomite de Lanzey and Miss

Suzanne Bancroft, granddaughter of the historian, s off. The marriage was to have taken place in January, and the bridesmaids were selected. Mrs. J. Crosby Brown, of 36 East Thirty-sevent street, will give a large wedding reception to-day, on the occasion of her daughter's wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kingsley and Mme. Fabricotte are visiting Boston.

Mrs. Hornstein, of 247 West One Hundred and Iwenty-eighth street, will give a reception to-day

in honor of her daughter's marriage. Mrs. Beach Grant and Miss Adele Grant are visiting Mrs. Isham Thornsby at Washington, pending necessary preparations in the Louise that they

A reception will follow the wedding to-morrow of Mr. W. Alexander and Miss Frances G. Paddock, at the home of the bride, 42 West Forty-

Mrs. Dogdale. of England, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Rooseveit. She will remain with them for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Burbank Roberts, who were re-cently married, will receive their friends this afternoon, and also on next Thursday afternoon at their new home, 31 East Twenty-eighth street. Mrs. Heywood Cutting and Miss Cutting, who have been visiting Mrs. R. Redmond, will sail on

Saturday for Europe.

The marriage of Mr. Wm. Butterfield and Miss Du Vernet took place this forencon at Saybrook, The marriage of Mr. E. L. Short and Miss Anna

L. Petit will take place to-morrow afternoon at 3, 30 o'clock in Zion church. Mrs. R. Hawkins, of 21 West Twentieth street,

will receive on Fridays during the winter.

Miss Anna J. Noone, daughter of Mr. Luke Kingston-on-the-Hudson, this morning to Mr. Edward H. Tindale, of this city. The mass was celebrated and the ceremony performed by the Rev. Dr. Duffy, of Roudont. Among the clergymen in the sanctuary were the Rev. Dr. Curran, Saugerties; Dean Dougherty and Rev. G. A. Healy, of New York. James V. Lynch, of New York, acted as best man and Miss Mary E. Fitzgerald as bridesmaid. Among those present were Samuel E. Duffy, Charles F. Lynch, James A. Dalrymple, George P. Morgan, M. T. Mannion, Mr. and Mrs. Mr. and Mrs. William A. McKenna, Philip A. Mr. and Mrs. M. Madden, Mr. and Mrs. D. Donovan, Misses Donovan, T. J. Tindale, Misse Hutton, William Hutton, Misses Hussey, brook, Dimond and Fitzgerald, G. De Witt N.

### A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR.

Contributed Daily to "The Evening World" by the Steward of the Aster House. At to-day's market prices the material for this dinner can be purchased for \$1.

Sour. Chicken With Rice. Fish.

Boiled Salmon Trout, Hollandaise Sauce. ROAST. Potato. Cauliflower. DESSERT.
Cabinet Pudding.
Apple. Grapes.
Coffee.

Daintles of the Market.

Dainties of the Market.

Prime rib reast, 18 to 20c.
Porterbones steak, 25c.
Strictmeak, 18 to 20c.
Strictmeak, 18 to 20c.
Learn mixton, 16c.
Learn belops, 25c. to 28c.
Learn bindy triers, 14 to 16c.
Learn bindy triers, 15c. to 28c.
Learn bindy triers, 15c to 26c.
Rosat chicken, \$1 to \$1.25
pair.
Rosat chicken, \$1 to 20c.
Dry-picked tarkeys, 18c. to 20c.
Squabs, \$3.50 to \$4. dos.
Boston Geese, 18 to 20c.
Canvastacks, \$3.50 pair.
Grouse, \$1.50 pair,
Partridge, 75c. to \$1.25 pair.
Rosed birds, \$1 dozen.
Red birds, Capuna, 25c. lb. Quali, \$3.50 dos. parr. Capuna, 25c. lb. Quali, \$3.50 dos. English enipe, \$3 dos. Plover, \$3 dos. Plover, \$3 do dos. Rabbite, 25c. apieca. Venison, 25c. to 25c. Venison, 25c. to 25c. From modered, \$1 pair. From modered, 15c. Sea base, 15c. to 29c. Cod. \$6.

peck. Lima beans, 20c. quart. Egg plants, 10c. Oyster plant, 10c. s bun

A Mistake.

[From the Duluth Paragraph.]
Mr. DeSnuff to Landlady—What is this syrup nade of, Mrs. McKitchen ? Landlady-Of swate coffee sugar, sor. DeSnuff-Excuse me, I thought it was Maid of

[From the Pittsburg Post.]
The title of Henry James's last story is the "Aspen Papers." Like the rest of his works,

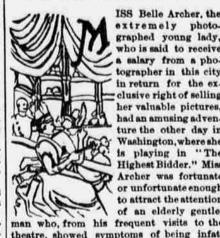
"Many Called But Few Chosen." There are a great many brands of cigarettee in the mar ket, but our "Sweet Caponal" still retain their su premacy. Kinney Tobacco Co., New York.

ALL first-class druggists sell Adamson's Botanic Outsi Balsan at 35c.; trial size, 10c. creature as ever bounded before the foot-

### DOINGS OF THE PLAYERS.

MISS BELLE ARCHER'S ADVENTURE WITH AN ELDERLY ADMIRER.

An Invitation to a Late Supper Which was Indefinitely Postponed - Mrs. Langtry's Receipts This Senson-Minnie Palmer's Play Not an Old One Under a New Name -Plans for Theatrical Campaigns.



extremely photographed young lady, who is said to receive a salary from a photographer in this city in return for the extographer in this city in return for the ex-clusive right of selling her valuable pictures, had an amusing adven-ture the other day in Washington, where she is playing in "The Highest Bidder." Miss Archer was fortunate or unfortunate enough to attract the attention of an elderly gentle man who, from his frequent visits to the theatre, showed symptoms of being infatuated with the young woman. He sent her the inevitable "floral offerings," occupied a private box on several occasions, and finally secured an introduction to Miss Archer,

was not particularly charmed to make his acquaintance. The actress however, is a thorough Bohemiansome of her friends call her "a good fellow"—and certainly no one loves a joke more than she does. Miss Archer con-versed with the old enthusiast, and in a short versed with the old enthusiast, and in a short time he invited her to accompany him to sup-per the following night after the play. She consented with a great deal of alacrity. She saw him during the performance, and as soon as that was at an end she left the theatre as usual, by the stage door. She noticed his carriage there, and beheld him as he sprang from it to meet her.

carriage there, and oened him as he sprang from it to meet her.

"I am waiting," he said, with a smirk.
Miss Archer looked at the carriage and her face clouded with disappointment.

"Why, my dear sir," she said, "there is not sufficient room in that carriage."

"Plenty," he remarked. "We're not giants." giants."
"How about the rest of us?" she asked

plaintively.
"The rest? What do you mean?"
"Why, my dear friend, I very often take supper after the performance, but never without the entire company. You'd better call a few more carriages."

Miss Archer turned away to hide her smiles. When she veered around again her

admirer was gone. Mrs. Langtry intends to play at the Grand Opera-House this season after her appearance at the Theatre Comique, Harlem. This fact probably means that she will be seen again in a Broadway Theatre for a season or two. She is at present in Canada, doing an enormous business. In fact, her receipts this season are said to have been phenomenal

It was asserted last Saturday with considerable strength that Miss Minnie Palmer's play. "My Brother's Sister," which she is to produce shortly, was not a new play, but was nurshand him. play. "My Brother's Sister," which she is to produce shortly, was not a new play, but was purchased by the young woman in San Francisco last summer, where it was known as "Pert." As a matter of fact, "My Brother's Sister" was written by Leonard Grover last year to order for Margaret Fish. Kit Clarke, the young woman's manager, gave the order. For some reason—probably that the part did not suit Miss Fish—the play was never produced, although money was paid to Leonard Grover. The play reverted to him, and now Miss Palmer has it.

Manager Henry E. Abbey intends to surround Miss Marlowe when she appears at the Star Theatre in December, with a very strong cast. He is evidently anxious to assist native talent.

George Knight will be his own manager after his season at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, which closes in a fortnight. He is now engaged in forming his company for the road—that is to say, making a few changes.

The Lyceum Theatre management have "lent" pretty little Elsie Leslie to Mr. Abbey. She is to appear in the coming production of "School" at Wallack's. Nat Goodwin is playing in Western cities to

marvellously large receipts in "Turned Up," which was by no means successful here. He opens on Wednesday night in Philadelphia. Warned in Plain Language. [From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]
The hunting season has opened, and farmers are putting out signs on forbidden ground. Some

signs are in strong English and some are hard to understand. One northwest of the city reads as follows: "Any person ketched on these grounds, or cows or wimin will be liabul two fine itself into a skrape."

Could Not Stand the Water. [From the Moscow (Idaho) Mirror.]
Judge Buck, at Murray, the other day ordered ury to be fed on bread, meat and water until they could decide on their verdict. The foreman sent in word that the bread and meat was correct, but the water, the jury thought, was an unwarranted punishment.

A Waste of Good Material. Their chaste salutes are not misplaced When women kiss a friend or brother; But of life's honey what a waste There is when women kiss each other.

### HOW LANGTRY GOES SHOPPING.

seense About Her and She Makes Frienda With Saleswamen.

[From the Washington Post.]
Mrs. Langtry's home life here is no mystery to her neighbors, and it is the key to her " wearing quality "in her success with women. Follow her on an afternoon's shopping tour and see if I am

She enters a fashionable milliner's on Fifth avenue (she gets all her hats at one place). Her carriage, with the awfully pompous English coachmen on the box, and the awfully diminutive but equally dignified and bebuttoned footman at the door, stands at the curb. The half-dozen women of fashion in the place glance round as she appears. With perfect case she passes among them and to an attendant she says in a conversational

and to an attendant she says in a conversational tone;

"Tell Miss — that Mrs. Langtry is here, please." This lady appears and is greeted with a cordiality simost like that of a sister. But no gush, Then the work of choosing two or three becoming hats begins. No impatience, no disgust, no hateur is visible. With a skill which is necularly her own she will succeed, before leaving the store, in getting the frank opinion of every lady present on each hat considered before making a decision.

This is all done in the most off-hand and polite manner possible, as though she should say:

"Now, we are all here on common ground and know each other's weaknesses in the matter of personal adornment. Of course we are not acquainted, but it's all informal, don't you know—just like being on shipboard—so tell me the truth."

Of course this isn't what she says with her tongue, but with her manner. With a monosyllable appeal she draws out each, without apparently litending to do anything of the sort. When she has finished she sits comfortably down upon a lounge and has a nice little five-minute conversation with the head of the concern.

Then with a smile she re-enters her carriage and is gone, and every lady in the clace, including the employees, goes home and declares at dinner that Mrs. Langtry is the most charming woman she has ever met, despite the scandal-mongers.

And then, you know, each woman feels that she had a hand in the purchase of those hats, and she insists on going to the theatre the very next evening to see if Langtry wears one of them.

This programme and this effect are reproduced at the Lily's dressmaker's, at her shoemaker's and at all her shopping points—and nearly all her shopping is done in New York nowadays.

Her secret is this. She appreclates fully her own beauty and all that it is worth, and will freely diacous it in seeking garments which set it off; but this she does in such a considential, yet frank manner as to disarm an enemy at one stroke. tone; "Tell Miss — that Mrs. Langtry is here,

[From the Americus (Ga.) Republican.]

A young countryman who had long loved a girl who lived a mile or two from him was nearly in lespair about winning her hand, and was on the eve of selling out and leaving the country, as the girl had refused him three times, and it was out that she was engaged to another fellow. Our hero had noticed that his rival and the girl would walk in an old meadow field, nearly every afternoon, and he grew madly jesions. In his cattle he had a young bull that was always mad with everything but his master, because he was an especial pet. Now Dave, as he called the bull, was to be the object with which to satiate his revenge. He would turn him into the meadow, hide himself and see his rival tosaed like a football. So, one afternoon, calling to Dave, who would follow him like a dog, he repaired to the meadow let the fence down and turned the buil in. He then strolled off, and walked around as miserable as a man could be who was committing an evil deed. An hour or so later he heard the deep mutterings of the bull and, hastening to the meadow fence, he saw Dave about twenty yards from the couple, pawing dirt and shaking his head. The man was trying to get the girl to run, but she was so terriled that she could not move. The bull made a dash and the fellow ran shrieking for the fence. The bull dashed on after the flying fellow, while our disconsolate young man, having jumped the fence, rushed to the kirl as the bull dashed on after the flying reliow, while our disconsolate young was the system of the state of the pirit as the bull dashed on after the flying reliow, while our disconsolate young ward was unworthy of her. As Dave saw his young that she was engaged to another fellow. Our hero

catching her in his arms, told her that such a cow-ard was unworthy of her. As Dave saw his young master he left. of passuing the other man, returned and went to licking his hand, while the indignant girl vowed she would never more speak to a man that was afraid of a cow. She soon after married Dave's boss.

New York Women on Tricycles.

A New York artist of repute has been spending ctober and the early November, days with his wife, touring on a tendem tricycle on Long Island, and the pair will not return to the city until the last of the bright autumn follage has until the last of the bright autumn foliage has faded. They have taken with them a sketch-book, water and oil colors each, and are making studies of l-af tints for winter work in the studio. The tandem is an accommodating machine that deesn't complain against a hand-satchel swung ben-ath for a little necessary luggage, and the country farm-houses have barns where the machine may be stored and beds where the jolly tourists may steep.

The number of lady members of the cycling clubs is growing, and those institutions are planting themselves everywhere along the parkade.

The number of lady members of the cycling clubs is growing, and those institutions are planting themselves everywhere along the parkside, where a woman may call, get her wheel, trundle it into the smooth parkways, enjoy an hour or two of exhilistating exercise and return it to cover again without a long journey over paved streets and joiting cobblestones.

Time's Revenge.

[Prom the Macon Telegraph.]
Porty years ago Wendell Phillips was mobbed in Boston. Last Tuesday night a public meeting was held in Boston to organize a movement for the tion of the life and public services of Wendell Phillips." In prosperity, beware! In adversity, hope!

Physical Phillips and public services of Wendell Accommutation ticket on the Pennsylvania Railros Newrit. The fined will be liberally rewarded by connuicating with T. B., box 1, 388 New York.

UMBRELLAS FOR ALL THE WORLD.

York Factory Sald to Turn Out 10,000 Daily.



OTWITHSTANDING the constant demand for umbrellas, comparatively few people really know how they are made. The socalled umbrella manufacturer does little more than put the different parts of the um-

brella together. He buys the sticks, the caps, the ferrules and the steels ready made. The covering he buys by the piece, and it is the cutting and fitting of the covering which constitute his chief claim

the covering which constitute his chief claim to the title of manufacturer.

The cloth is first hemmed; that is, the edges are bound, usually with a thin silk cord. The cloth is then given to the cutter who separates it into triangular pieces. Much care is used in cutting the cloth, and for his guidance the cutter employees a triangular tool very like a carpenter's compass, the size of which can be varied to suit the demands of the about to be umbrella. The triangles of cloth are then sewed together by machingry and stretched over and tied upon the frame. The caps and ferules are fitted upon the sticks and the umbrella is then ready to protect unfortunate humanity from the dewdrops of heaven or the drizzle of New York. But, although nearly every one owns an But, although nearly every one owns an umbrella, there are but few manufacturers in this country, and the majority of these are in New York and Philadelphia. There are about fifteen factories here, and nearly the same number in Philadelphia. One of those in this city is said to turn out ten thousand pieces (umbrellas and parasols) daily.

### Curious Things in China Land. [Prom a Foreign Exchange.] Boats are drawn by horses, carriages are moved

by sails. Old women, instead of the young, are the belle

of society. Old men play ball and fly kites, while children fold their arms and look on

The highest recommendation a man can have i The highest ambition of a Chinese gentleman is to have a nice comin and a fine funeral. Parents and specuators, instead of children, are held responsible for the crimes committed by the latter.

Parents and spectators, instead of children, are held responsible for the crimes committed by the latter.

A bachelor is likened to a counterfeit coin, he is looked upon with suspicion even by members of his own household.

To encourage honesty and sincerity, confidential cierks and salesmen in all branches of industries receive an annual net percentage of the firm's business besides their regular solaries.

A lit! is never considered anything case in her father's house than an honored guest. She is neither responsible for the family's decis nor enjoys a share in its fortunes, as in case of sons.

A previous acquaintanceship between the male and female prevents them from marriage. For this reason a man seldom weds a gul of his own town. They are likewise prevented from marrying kin or namesakes.

When a Chinaman desires a visitor to dine with him he does not sak him to do so, but when he does not wish him to stay he puts the question, "Oh, please stay and dine with me!" The visitor will then know he is not wanted.

A man could borrow money on the strength of his having a son, but none would advance him a cent if he had a dozen daughters. The former is responsible for the debts of his father for three generations. The latter is only responsible for the debts of her swin are the applicants; while by salaries are maid to are the applicants; while by salaries are maid to are the supplicants; while by salaries are maid to

A rich msn's servant gets no salary, yet many are the applicants; while big salaries are paid to the servants of the common people, but few make applications. The fact that the perquisites of the former often more than triple the salaries of the latter, is the sole reason of these differences.

AMUSEMENTS.

### H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE CORNER SIST ST. AND SD AVE. Prices, 10c.; Reserved Seats, 20c. and 30c. HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY. CRO. C. BONIFACE CO. THE STREET OF NEW YORK. Nov. 14 H. R. Jacobe's "Wages of Sin "Co.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

GRESSTAND OPERA-HOUSE.

GRESSTAND OPERA-HOUSE.

WEDNESDAY—MATINEES—SATURDAY.

ANNIE PIXLEY IN THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

Next week, FREDERICK WARD.

Next week, FREDERICK WARD.

Next Sunday, PROF. CROMWELL'S new lecture,

PARIS, THE MAGNIFICENT CITY. D LIOU OPERA-HOUSE—BURLESQUE, RIOE & Dixer's Sumptuous Production, BURLESQUE COMPANY. 66 ARTISTS. Revs at 8 (sharp). Mat's Wed & Satat?

EDEN MUSEE. New Groups, New Pictures, New Attractions

Concerts Daily. Admission to all, 50c. BUNNELL'S OLD LONDON MUSEUM, 728-730 BROADWAY. A million marrels. Sub-marine divers at work. Aztees; 3 stages; 10 hours performance. Admission, 25c.; children, 10c.

LOST, FOUND AND REWARDS. L OST A black seal pu

# **Eyes Ears Nose**

ears and semetimes the hearing is affected; the nose is a severe sufferer, with its constant uncomfortable discharge, had breath and loss of the sense of smell. All these disagreeable symptoms disappear when the discase is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels from the blood the impurity from which catarrh arises, tones and restores the diseased organs to health and builds up the whole system.

N. B.—If you have decided to get Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh with very satisfactory results. I received more permanent benefit from it than from any other remedy." M. E. Read. Waussen, Ohio.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Propared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 DOS:18 ONE DOLLAR

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass, 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

Geraldine did not answer; she was busy tying on her veil. Jonas picked it up and examined the card fastened to it.

"Duncan Middleworth."
As quick as lightning the young husband tore the wreath in twain, threw it on the floor, and set his heel on it.

"Jonas!" Geraldine cried, half angry, half frightened.

"I told you I would have no more of such nonsense." he said in a voice almost sufference. again!"—
"Well, what then," she said defiantly.
But his whole voice and manner changed.
"Are you ready to go home?" he asked quietly. "Because it is growing late."
But Geraldine could not forget the white heat of anger that had blazed in his brief

came.

She stooped herself to pick it up, with an arch gratified smile, and a slight motion of her head towards the box, and as she turned away she met her husband's stern, reproachful eye.

Her first impulse was to drop the basket again her second to brave it out.

Have You a Humor of Skin or Blood ?

IF SO, THE CUTICURA REMEDIES WILL CURE YOU.

I was induced, after all other remedies had falled, use the CUTICURA REMEDIES on my boy, four rearest age, who had running sores from his thighs to the ends of his toes. The nails fell off. His arms and face were of his toes. The nails fell off. His arms and face were also covered, and he was a horrible sight. The CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP were all that I used. Two days after their use we could see a change for the better, and in alx weeks the child was perfectly well.

I was then induced to try them further, as my wife had what we termed dry scale tetter, or psoriasis, for nearly

fifteen years, and I tried everything I could get hold of and asked the advice of the most eminent of the profes-sion, but all in vain. It was all over her body and all over her head and face. She used but one bottle of the RESOLVENT, two boxes of the CUTICUTA and two cakes of CUTICUTA SOAP, and in one week from the time she began their use I could see a change for the better. It is began their use I could see a change for the better. It is now nearly one year since she stopped using the CUTI-CUTA HEMEDIES, and there is no return. I premounce her entirely cured. No one, only those who have had the disease and those who are constantly about diseased patients, can realize the torture in which they are placed.

patients, can realize the torture in which they are placed.

I have recommended the CUTICURA REMEDIES to all whom I have met that were in any way in need of a skin curs. One man to whom I had recommended them had suffered for over twelve years, and in that time spent nearly five hundred dollars to be cursel, but nothing helped, and now, after the use of five buttless of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT and several boxes of CUTICURA, and two cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, rejoices in having found a cure. I have others at present under treatment, and with good prespects. In no case, to my knowledge, have the CUTICURA REMEDIES failed.

I take pleasure in sending this to you, trusting that it may prove a blessing to you and to the suffering.

BR I. MILLIRON,

Kimball, Brule Co., Dakota.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifler externally, and CUTICURA BESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifler internally, are a positive cure for every form of Skin and Blood Diseases, from Pimples to Scr. dula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston, Mass.

55 Send for "Bow to Cure Skin Diseases," 54 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

TINTED with the lovellest delicacy is the skin preserved
with OUTIQUEA MEDICATED SOAP.



AMUSEMENTS.

NEW YORK HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S

ORCHIDS, ROSES, PALMS. WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY from AT MASONIC TEMPLE, 23d st. and 6th are. ADMISSION, FIFTY CENTS.

And the young American Star MR. JOSEPH HAWORTH, POSITIVELY NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.

DOCKSTADER'S.

"ELECTION DAY,"
or FUN AT THE POLLS.
"MLLE DE BRASS EAR."
The Musical Rings.
WOOD, BRYANT AND SHEPPARD.
GREAT FIRST PART.
Matines Saturday, 2.30.
MONDAY — FAUST.

DAVE BRAHAM and his popular orchestra.
WEDNESDAY—MATINEE—SATURDAY.
Look out for PETE.

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SEVENTH WEEK CONTINUED MANAGER
THE COMEDIANS,
ROBSON AND CRANE,

in Bronson Howard's great comedy,
THE HENRIETTA.

50th performance, Monday, Nov. 14. Elaborate
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F. A. M. PALMER. Sole Manager Begins at 8.30. Saturday Matices at 2. JIM THE PENMAN. Thursday evening, Nov. 10, will be produced a new play the author of THE TWO ORPHANS, entitled:
THE MARTYR.

THE MARTYR.

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EVENINGS AT 8, MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

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A DARK -ECR+T.
RESERVED SEATS, 50c., 75c. and \$1. TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. TONY PASTOR AND NEW SHOW,

"He will be home soon," she comforted nerself by saying.

As she took the basket of japonicas out of its tissue-paper wrappings, something glittered in the gaslight. It was a diamond ring, fastened to the handle.

"This will never do." said Geraldine, half glad that her husband was not there to see the shining gaud. "I must send it back tomorrow. Jonas was right after all, I will receive no more flowers from Duncan Middleworth."

And then she sat down, all in her silvery and tissue robes, to wait patiently for her husband's return.

But he did not come. The clock struck

And then she sat down, all in her silvery and tissue robes, to wait patiently for her husband's return.

But he did not come. The clock struck twelve—one—two—and still no familiar footstep sounded on the stairs.

And then an awful doubt crept into her mind. She had set his will and wishes at defiance! Had he left her forever?

It was only during an instant that she harbored the possibility, but that one second made her heart cold as ice.

And when the next day's sun dawned, lurid and cheerless, and she still sat\_lone, cowering over the smouldering fire, she would have given half a lifetime to be able to live over the last evening once more.

"Why did I touch the basket," she asked herself, passionately. "when he wished me not? Oh, surely I have deserved this anguish, this terrible doubt, for pandering to my own base vanity. If he would only come back again, but"—

She dared not say to herself, "If he should never come back!"

The day crept by, and she still-sa huddled.



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of the throat occasioned by a cold, four to six deese surcurse.

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AMUSEMENTS.

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Evenings at 8. Matines Saturday at 2.
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THE MARQUIB
Received with roars of laughter.

in life.

The dusk was again gathering sadly around her, when the door suddenly opened and a

She sprang into his arms with an hysterical shrick. The sudden revulsion of feeling was too great a shock.

"I have torn it all to pieces, Jonas. I never want to see it again." she cried.

"Torn what to pieces? I don't understand you, child."

"The horrid, odious basket of Japonicas?"

"Oh, I remember now, my darling," with a tender pressure of the hand. "How shall I thank you for your regard for my wishes!"

"But, Jonas, why did you leave me without a word?" she asked breathlessly.

"Didn't Griffith give you the letter?"

"Your letter? No!"

"Then he was half-drunk, as usual, I suppose. I was telegraphed from Albany, by my employer, to bring him up some valuable papers from the office, and had to take the midnight train without an instant's delay. I had no time to see you, but I sent you a line by Griffith with directions to see you home."

"He escorted me home, but he never apoke about a letter," said Geraldine, bursting into tears.

"The old villain! But I hope you were."

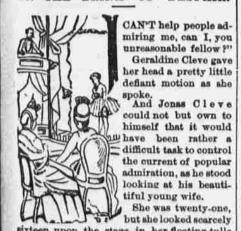
not measy, dearest?"

"Oh, Jonas, I was miserable. I—I feared you had ceased to love me!" sobbed the

young wife.

"As if that were possible, darling!"
But Geraldine had received a lesson, r
theless—a lesson which she remembers

### ON THE BRINK OF DESPAIR.



have been rather a difficult task to control

sixteen upon the stage, in her floating tulle dress, with slender bends of gold round her tiny ankels, and rose garlands dangling from her hair. For Mrs. Cleve was neither more nor less than a dancer at the Shakespeare The elegant leader of society may elevate her aristocratic nose at the slender shawled

figure entering the stage-door, as her glittering carriage rolls by, but we question if the

truer and more tender heart be not oftener

found beneath the shabby stage fineries than under the velvet and ermine. Geraldine had carned her own and her parents' living by the light evolutions of her fairy foot, ever since she was ten years old; as good, and true, and noble-hearted a young

ment.
"I cannot stand it any longer, Gerry!"
was his exclamation one evening, as he
walked home with her from the theatre, her
bright-spangled robes all covered beneath a
sober black alpaca skirt and a waterproof
cloak. "What made you take the bouquet
that that puppy Middleworth tossed on the

stage?"
"Why shouldn't I?" demanded Geraldine demurely. "I'm sure the flowers were very

"But, Geraldine"

And then it was that the little danseuse stopped in the light of a gas-lamp which they happened to be passing, and made the saucy little speech which is chronicled at the beginning of our sketch;

"I can't help people admiring me, can I, you unreasonable follow?"

But the husband's face, in the yellow lamp-light, looked unnaturally stern and fixed.

"Geraldine," he said, gravely, "my wife

creature as ever bounded before the footlights.

And now that she was married to the young
lawyer's clerk downtown, she still remained
on the stage, contrary to his most earnest entreaties and expostulations.

"Just a year or two longer, Jonas dear."
she said, "until we save money enough to
buy us a little cottage somewhere in the suburbs and furnish it as we want."

And Jonas Cleve yielded to her pretty
coaxing solicitations, although it was against
his own better judgment.

But it was not pleasing to go, night after
night, only to see other men staring at his
wife, and listen, unwillingly enough, to their
comments, and Jonas Cleve had been gradually growing dissatisfied with this arrangement.

pretty."
"He has thrown you a bouquet every evening for a week."
"Well, what then?" laughed Geraldine.
"I like flowers, and I can't afford to buy them myself."
"But, Geraldine"—

must not receive the miscellaneous homage of every brainless fop like young Middle-worth!"

worth!"

"That is nonsense, Jonas."

"Is it?" His brows contracted until they seemed to form a black line across his forehead. "I chose to think otherwise. You must accept no more flowers from that young man. I like to see the bouquets rain down around you, as a tribute to your skill and merits, but when it comes to a regular offering, night after night, from some one person, and he a profligate scamp, whose admiration is a honor to no woman". miration is a honor to no woman

miration is a honor to no woman."

"Jonas!"

"I am only speaking the truth, Geraldine."

"And what will you do to me if I am bold enough to dare the awful peril of your anger?" laughed Geraldine. "Shall you shut me up iz a walled tower, like the princesses of old, or land me on a desert island, inhabited only by seagulls and screaming eagles."

"Do not speak so, Geraldine; this is no jesting matter."

She pouted at his stern tone, and, almost for the first time in their married life, a slight, but very perceptible cloud darkened over the domestic horizon. Jonas Cleve thought that Geraldine was flippant, and Geraldine thought her husband unreasonable and cross.

How lovely the young danseuse looked the next night when she glided upon the stage in a dress of green and silver, with silver wings seeming to float over her head! How light her movements were, and instinct with the poetry of motion! Even Jonas, accustomed as he was to the beautiful sight, felt his heart throb with rapid beats.

A burst of applause rose up from the audience, with one accord, as she curtised low at the end of her brilliant pas seul, and among the shower of flowers which fell all around her on the stage, a wreath of white rosebuds tied with snowy ribbon was the prettiest of all.

A pretty little actress, who stood leaning

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against the wing waiting for her part to begin, ran forward and placed it, like a crown, on Geraldine's sunny hair, and at the moment a second burst of applause rose from the house.

Ten minutes later, when Jonas came behind the scenes to escort his wife home—for Geraldine only danced the one pas to-night—he glanced carelessly at the floral trophies that were heaped in a basket, ready to be carried to the little second-floor lodging where Mrs. Cleve brightened her rooms with the fragrant blossoms.

"Who threw that wreath?" he asked, with a sudden impulse of curiosity, as he saw it lying on the top. TWAIN AND SET HIS HEEL ON IT.

nonsense," he said in a voice almost suffo-cated with rage. "If you ever accept so much as a bud that comes from his hand

glance.
"It's too absurd," she thought, "I will not give way to his unreasoning jealousy."

Mr. Duncan Middleworth sat in a proscenium box the next evening, and tossed an exquisite basket of japonicas at Geraldine Cleve's feet when the moment of ovation

Her first impulse was to drop the basket again, her second to brave it out.

"What have I done?" she asked herself half indignantly, and as she went off the stage she carried the flower-basket in her hand.

Jonas Cleve, however, did not make his appearance as usual in her dressing-room when she was ready to depart, but, instead, an old one-eyed carpenter, who served about the theatre, stood waiting.

"Where's Mr. Cleve, Griffith?"

"He said I was to see you home, ma'am."

"But where is he?"

"Please, ma'am, I don't know."
Geraldine asked no more questions, but she bit her scarlet lip until the blood came.
"He is angry about the flower-basket," she thought. "Well, let him sulk!"
But Jonas was not at home when she reached their modest lodgings, and Geraldine was surprised at the sudden sinking of her own heart.
"He will be home soon," she comforted perself by saving

up in a heap, pallid and sick at heart, with no energy for anything. She had sent back the diamond ring promptly, as an insult which she would not for a moment brook. But, alas! it was too late now.

For Geraldine was gradually becoming assured that her own folly had forfeited her a husband's love, and she cared for naught else in life.

tall figure entered.
"Gerry! Why, what's the matter?"
"Jonas!" She sprang into his arms with an hysterical shriek. The sudden revulsion of feeling was

tears. ... The old villain! But I hope you were